THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 183.

'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of Fancy, and a dream of woes:
Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, dispos'd aright;
The screws revers'd (a task which, if he please,
God in an instant executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.
COWPER.

MR. SAUNTER,

SIR,

MY friend Charles C—,who sometimes lounges an hour or two in my chamber, has just left me. Frequently the vividness of his wit contributes in no small degree to dissipate the gloom of a solitary student's winter evening; but, it is not unusual for us to part without having exchanged a word. He knows where to find a segar; and while he enjoys this sweet solace and some favourite author, he pays me the compliment of saying he wishes for no better society. Our dispositions being rather congenial, we can sit down and *rail at the sex in good set terms*, when a frown has chagrined, or descant on its loveliness where a smile has exhilarated.

I scarcely know a man who has more forcibly won my regard, nor one whose situation so strongly appeals to the sympathy of his friends. At an early age he lost his parents, and he soon learned, that

When misery comes, it comes not singly.

The fraud of dishonest guardians quickly followed the series of misfortunes which death had commenced, and poor Charles was thrown on the world, the architect of his own fortune. Although he had not completed his collegiate education, he applied himself to the study of the Law, as that profession displayed, to his ardent ambition, the most brilliant rewards of industry and ability. His lively imagination became chastised into sober reflection, and its excursive spirits, that would have soared to the very summit of the double mountain, was taught patiently to explore the recesses of that fathomless well, from which the sage Coke directs his "good son" to draw "according to the depth of his understanding." By a steady perseverance in such resolutions he passed his noviciate with honour to himself, and appeared at the Bar with the flattering approbation of his instructor. But those bright prospects, which hope had portrayed, and fancy had vividly coloured, were soon to be tarnished by the rude daub of disappointment. He had perused, with a scrutinizing eye, the most accurate models of eloquence which antiquity had produced and time had preserved. His taste was disciplined by the precept and the examples of such matters, and his orations, at once argumentative, classical and elegant,

would not have disgraced an Athenian portico. But what was his astonishment at finding sound substitute for sense, declamation for reason, and the lowest expressions selected from the vocabulary of the rabble mob, instead of those passages, which he had been told, illustrated and ornamented the pleadings of the advocate! He found that chicanery supplied the place of candour, meanness of liberality, sophistry of argument—that the pure ermine of justice had been soiled by political partialities, in short, that the *money-changers* had usurped the temple of Justice.

His heart, alive to the finest feelings of which our nature is capable, revolted from such men. Hope no longer brightens his brow, for it is cast down by dejection; that ambition has no charms for him which is so liable to reproach, and he has no wish for the possession of a fortune which is subjected to the suspicion of being the purchase of fraud.

Such has been the substance of many querulous complaints which have made the shades of night seem yet more sombre, and which I cannot yet banish from his mind.

This evening he opened Cowper, and often turning over a few pages, he pronounced the passage I have quoted, with such an earnestness and enthusiasm, that I suspected it was to be followed by some commentary. I was not disappointed, but found his old complaints were to be repeated.

Do you know, said he, that I am quite wearied with my profession? I almost faint at the prospect of being obliged to wear away my days and nights in digging in the lead-mine of Law. Man is truly *a harp*, and I find the harmony of my mind is too exquisite for the rude jargon of juridical litigation. I confess to you, my friend, that the *screws* which govern it are miserably reversed indeed, when I see men, who, as Martial says, hire out their words and anger,

Verba et iras locant,

to silence the feeble murmurs of complaint, or give new energy to the arm of oppression. This is *no forgery of fancy—no dream of woes* which have no local habitation but in the perturbed brain of an enthusiast. Sad realities stamp the vision with the impressive seal of truth. I have contemplated the scene until I can bear it no longer. I avoid this polluted stream of venality, for neither *my poverty nor my will* consents to sully the pride of independence by stooping to gratify the cupidity of vice.

But the silent and incessant congratulations of a good conscience, though most salutary food for the mind, furnish no nutriment for the body. That insatiable monster, at once the minister and the slave of every vice that flesh is heir to, murmurs under the dominion of Conscience. He complains that he devotes himself to her service in the sultry heat of summer, and defies the nipping blast and pitiless storm of winter, and yet, when he expects to enjoy some repose for his wearied limbs, this worst of all bed-fellows, this cursed Xantippe, reproaches him while waking, and even haunts his dreams when he slumbers.

To pursue your own figure, my good friend, said I, interrupting this victim of discontent, you never imbibed a more erroneous opinion than that your profession cannot be pursued without the most perfect cordiality between the actions and the conscience. It is highly imprudent thus to resign yourself to all the romantic suggestions of a fastidious mind. Reflect that while your objections may apply to very many of your profession, it yet merits not the indiscriminate censures you have pronounced. You will find in it many whose splendid talents ornament the Bar, whose learning adds dignity to the bench, and whose private qualities reflect additional lustre upon their characters when they suspend the *war of words* to mingle in the social circle. It is true that the just complaints of some and the envious malignity of others have somewhat sullied the fair fame of your vocation. But recollect that you have yourselves in some measure created the evils you lament. Your Indulgence has permitted many, too many, to be clothed with your privileges and

to abuse your dignity. There is the same proportion of good and bad men in your profession, that there is of vice and virtue: and this is the order of society. There are empirics in Medicine, knaves at the Customs, and even the sanctity of the Pulpit has not preserved it from hypocrisy. All that we can do is to attract distinction from the multitude by conspicuous merit, to command respect by striving to deserve it, and to exact homage from vice by doing fealty to virtue.

Your profession is the exuberant Exchequer which has furnished the best talents to the Legislature of your country, given sagacious statemen to your councils, and has even produced the bravest warriors in the day of peril. Cease then to unite in the clamour of a senseless croud against the most important class of the community. It is the only trait of Jacobinism you possess.*

Let me endeavour to fortify the resolution I would impress upon you, by placing a real Lawyer before your eyes. His habit is Castilian, his eloquence is Grecian, his purse is like that of the good Samaritan. He never flatters his clients by the delusions of hope when the issue of his claim is dubious, nor will he prostitute his honesty by making his talents the pandar of injustice. His abilities are even gratuitously employed to support the weak and succour the distressed. They are equally prompt and bold and skilful to detect knavery and pour the voice of reproach on the audacious front of impudence and oppression. He is sedulous of the approbation of the good, but he disdains the loudest plaudits of an ignoble and vicious mob. Such a man is P—. Imitate his virtues, and enjoy his reputation.

SEDLEY.

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* "First let us kill all the Lawyers," said Jack Cade; and the denunciation of this factious rioter has been repeated by many a similar scoundrel in our own country, particularly in this State. In the New-England states they are wiser. They know the *strong hold* against the incroachments of power or the licentiousness of Democracy.

Ad Lyram suam.

Poscimur—

HOR.

Awake, awake, my dulcet lyre;
Let Love your tuneful strings inspire!
LEYRIDA claims a votive song,
To her and love your notes belong.
Oh! whisper softly in her ear,
The anxious care, the timid fear,
That e'er disturbs the youthful breast,
Torn by love, depriv'd of rest.
Sing the joys on love that wait
Tell the pains that follow hate:
Oh kindle quick that genial flame
I feel, but, ah! I dare not name.
And shall no pulse with rapture beat!
Shall no cheek feel the blushing heat!
No chaste desires tumultuous rise!
No passion beam from her bright eyes!
——Alas, alas, 'tis but a cheat,
And I but clasp a dear deceit!
'Tis the lover's fleeting dream
That quickly flies the morning beam!
'Tis the wave by breezes tost
That in another wave is lost!
'Tis the wind that round me plays,
But never for an instant stays!
Yet sing of love, my faithful lyre,
'Tis joys alone your strings inspire.
And learn some sweet persuasive art
To lure the lovely Leyria's heart;
Then, best of Lyrists, I shall reign,
Happiest lover on the plain.

SEDLEY.

Banks of the Monongehela, Nov. 1806.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 20.

Omnia fata laborant.

LUCAN.

I have been long pledged, to my reader, to bring to a conclusion the political reflections in which I have indulged; and I might now devote myself to a full developement of the ideas which I had proposed to myself to submit. But, the lapse of Time itself has served me; and accomplished all I had designed to attempt, and infinitely more than I could have performed. When I first entered the field, there was, if I mistake not, solitude and silence; no one was on the ground, and no voice was heard.—I allude to the question of foreign policy, and the intimate connection of American prosperity with European affairs.

There were those, indeed, the least, the lowest, of the dreamers of dreams, who employed themselves in an effort, either to lull the country into a fatal indifference, or to persuade it that the increase of French dominion threatens it with no disaster; and to these men, dangerous as they were, no reply was given. Time, however, as I have said, has accomplished all. It has, I suspect, afforded lessons by which many have been undeceived; and it has brought forth strenuous and able assertors of the truth. I, therefore, am satisfied, and retire. Warning has been given, *while time is*.

There are even persons who entertain so strong a sentiment of the similarity of the interests of the British empire, and the American (so far, at least, as respects the common enemy of all empires) that they have not hesitated to propose an alliance, offensive and defensive. I am not prepared to go this length; nor do I see, in the present situation of this country, and in the spirit of its government and polity, how such an alliance could take effect. What I require is, that this sentiment should pervade our politics, and give the bent to our measures. I have already dwelt on the political importance of commerce, and the possibility of commercial warfare; and I call upon America, not to sacrifice, to mercantile avarice and compting-house animosity, the greater and more lasting interests of the nation. I call, further, for a system of commercial policy, calculated to give Great Britain the advantage, rather than otherwise, over the universal foe.

That France is, of a truth, this universal foe, is the proposition to which, as I have intimated, a pretty general admittance is given. In reality, not a moment has escaped, since that in which the Treaty of Presburg was signed, and till the present, in which facts have not crowded upon facts, to develope this unbounded hostility. It is a remark, which presented itself long ago, that France, while she professes to be at war with Great Britain, employs her arms only against the continental states. The war with Great Britain is but a covering; a pretext for quarrel, extortion and aggrandizement. —A second remark is this, that the warfare of France has ceased to have even a nominal exclusive object. It is altogether revolutionary. With a different cry, it treads in the Jacobin's steps; and France, with her regular and imperial government, is at this moment as much to be dreaded, by all other regular governments, as in the day of her wildest disorder.

It is an additional source of apprehension, that the measures of France are as wise as her means are efficient. When her enterprizes appear extravagant, it is only because, to ensure their fortunate issue, there is requisite an extent of power of which we find it difficult to entertain a conception. What is proposed is accomplished, and what is accomplished is useful to herself.

It is thus, that, while we see with dismay the present acquisition, and probable future consequences, of the Federation of the Rhine, we cannot withhold from it our admiration. The mere selfishness of France is, as we well know, the only motive; and yet the most liberal theory, the most exalted philanthrophy, could perhaps have desired no more. The terms of the concordat, obtained, for the federated states, from the pope, are so many public blessings; nor ought we to bestow a meaner title on the twenty-fourth article of the treaty of federation; by which the petty feodalities are swept away; and yet both these measures, politically speaking, have, for a principal, and perhaps, primary object, to strengthen the hands of the respective sovereigns, and, finally, those of him to whom those sovereigns bow.

It is the same with the assembly of the Jews of France, a measure which, like the former, is a real gem in the crown of Napoleon. The barbarities to which the Jewish people have been subjected throughout Europe, while it has dishonoured the character of their enemies, has necessarily injured their own. Surrounded on all sides by contumely, made to submit to the most cruel insults, and denied so many of the rights of citizens, we are not to

wonder, if, while every generation has produced thousands of virtuous Jews, very many of their brethren have been worthless; for, where is the people, whom, for the most part, ill usage will not render base? The Jews, residing in France, Napoleon, by their deputies, assembles, lifts from the dust, distinguishes by public honours, and questions concerning their condition. Some of his questions may be thought a little embarrassing; but they are all such as he has an undoubted right to ask.

If this proceeding be viewed only as subservient to municipal amelioration, it is one which reflects the highest honour on the government by which it has been adopted, aud which is calculated to extend its influence far beyond the boundaries of the French empire. To the philanthropist, it promises the benefit of the Jews dispersed through every Christian state; to the politician, alas! it portends the furtherance of Napoleon's ambition.

But, if we are to believe the rumour of the restoration of the Jews in Palestine, what have we not to fear?—and, to believe it, requires no stretch, whatever, of credulity! If Napoleon actually restore the sceptre to Judah; if he actually make himself its Messiah; if he find an heir for the throne of David, and if he send Sebastiani to dictate in Jerusalem—if he do this, where is the Turkish empire?—Between the French in Dalmatia, and the French in Judea!—And where is Egypt, the darling object of avidity?—Separated from Judea only by the sands of Syria!—Napoleon will rebuild the Temple; Napoleon will demand every acre of ground at any time possessed by a Jewish king; he will demand the surrender of adjacent provinces; he will secure the best sea ports; he will appear the friend of mankind, by stipulating for the equal rights of Jewish, Christian and Mahommedan citizens throughout the Jewish territories; and he will protect the regenerated kingdom by a French force, augmented as he pleases, and ready to shut the Bosphorus against the Russians, to storm Constantinople, or to march into the Delta. He will thus open a trade with the interior of Africa, and he will encourage the purchase of slaves, from Gurgistan on the one side, and from Ethiopia on the other.

To what I have said, of the wisdom of France, it is proper to subjoin some notice of other causes of her success. When historians, at some future day, shall attempt to portray the momentous epoch in which we live; when, not content, like ourselves, to gaze on insulated facts, and to hear random invective; when they shall seek to elucidate what they will name a new era in the annals of the world; then, as I think, they will conclude, that the political state of Europe co-operated, with the French government, to bring about that increase of empire which we see, and that which I believe is yet to come.

I. The people of continental Europe groan under a multitude of barbarous institutions, the work of ancient times, and worn out of all reputation, but so interwoven with the existing governments that it is dangerous for those governments, however well disposed, to attempt their removal. Established governments well know, that even the most salutary reform may produce more evil than the continuance of what is most offensive. At the least, they know that their own ruin may be no improbable reward of their philanthropy; and a risque like this it is scarcely to be expected that they should seek.

With a new and revolutionary government, on the other hand, the case is entirely different. Force is its natural weapon; reforms are expected from it; violence to establish usages are suffered, as of course; the moment is favourable: 'To-day,' says Labruyere, 'you may deprive this city of its fran-'chises, its rights and privileges; but, 'to-morrow, think not even of altering 'its signs.' Vous pouvez aujourd'hui ôter à cette ville ses franchises, ses droits, ses priviléges; mais demain ne songez pas même à reformer ses enseignes.—So much for the adventitious facilities of political reform.

From what has been said, it follows, that there exist evils under the old governments of Europe, such as might be remedied. That they might, we need only to appeal to the Federation

of the Rhine. The present practice of the new governments *may* be worse than the practice of the old; but the established principles are better.

II. But, not only the people, the princes also of Europe languish under the shackles of the ancient institutions. The princes of Europe suffer so much from the aristocracy and the priesthood, and are checked and thwarted by so many, and, at this time, so idle corporate privileges, that the exercise of their natural functions is more than half prevented. How deeply the king of Sweden has felt this, we see in the revolution of Swedish Pomerania; how anxious Austria is to free herself, we learn from the proposed revolution in the government of Hungary. But, on the danger of these revolutions, dangerous always, but especially when proceeding from established governments, I have already touched. It is not only that he who begins innovation cannot calculate upon where it will end, but that, as I have said, ancient masters begin it under peculiar disadvantages. We are commonly disgusted by a change of system, in those to whom we are accustomed; but, with new faces, we find pleasure in new manners.—Nor is this all. There is danger from without, as well as from within. Every change makes two classes of discontented men; those who object to the change itself, and those who object to all change whatever. Now, to these two classes, an enemy, like France, addresses itself; it foments their passions, it raises them against their government; and, after this, a sovereign is told, that his own imprudence destroyed him. It will be thus, if the king of Sweden should lose Pomerania, the plundering of the privileges of which is described, by French politicians, as the only fruit of his armaments; and it will be thus, if Austria should lose the crown of Hungary, where her measures will no doubt be vilified by France, but where she is effecting what, alone, applied to all her dominions, can retrieve and save her; can give her means and strength to cope with France, the government of which labours under no similar difficulties.

There remains to be mentioned still another source of French prosperity, and this is, the high state of the arts, in France, and even their anxious application to the purposes of political ambition. They give her power, and they give her reputation.

Such, then, and so assisted, is the enemy of the liberties of all mankind. We too are threatened; for who is there that is not? and where shall we look for defence, but in the resources of Great Britain? She, as I have before asserted, possesses power equal, though not homogeneous, with that of France; and she bids fair to last—as long as France can last.

Great Britain is our only hope. Shall we expect any thing from a fourth coalition? Nothing, save the increase of the French empire. Will Prussia, humbled by her villany, or Russia, humbled by defeat, will either or both of these, with Sweden to help, deliver Europe? While they are assembling on the frontiers, and collecting magazines, Napoleon, wisely and justifiably, will throw himself into Vienna, and give the final blow to Austria; wisely, because he may thus appal his enemies, and justifiably, because, in the event of his defeat, Austria will infallibly join the allies. Europe, perhaps, must be delivered by events of which no germ is yet to be discerned; but, be it delivered when it may, it must be the work of one man or of one people, and never of a coalition.

Great Britain is our only hope. But for her, what would be the bounds to the humiliations and injuries that we must at this moment submit to? Let it not be supposed, that, in conceiving the possible reduction of the United States beneath the sceptre of Napoleon, I allude only to the conquest of the country by force of arms. Warfare of this kind the Americans would easily face; but Napoleon has surer means. He works by emissaries, accredited and unaccredited. He would harrass us with vexatious demands; and, if these were refused, he would speedily render the government odious to the people; if they were granted, his conquest would be complete. He would subdue us, not

by foreign levy, but by domestic treason.

Against this calamity, let me again repeat it, Great Britain, in our present situation, and in the present situation of the world, is our only hope. With her, Freedom makes a stand; but, let her be surrendered, and where shall it make a second? Not on the shore of the Atlantic, nor on the bank of the Mississippi, nor chin-deep in the Pacific.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[CUMBERLAND, during his mission to the Court of Spain, had frequent opportunities to see what was most remarkable in that romantic country. But he appears to have been more studious of the character and manners, than of the landscapes of the country. His description of the person and talents of Tiranna, a gipsy actress, of powers almost supernatural, will doubtless please our readers.]

I was not often tempted to the Theatre, which was small, dark, ill furnished and ill attended, yet when the celebrated tragic actress known by the name of Tiranna, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular people we are to derive the outcast race of gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to bestow. My friend, Count Pietra Santa, who had honourable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her, at the same time, that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country: in consequence of this intimation, she sent me word that I should have notice from her when she wished me to come to the theatre; till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill; for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message, I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons. I had not been many minutes in the Theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home; for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents nor to my expectations: I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of this tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the Theatre, and permitted to set out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of Tragedy; for, in the course of the plot, she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage, lying on each side of her, while she, sitting on the bare floor, between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description) presented such a high wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy, *laughing wild amid severest woe*, as placed her in my judgment at the very summit of her art; in fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher; and such was the effect upon the audience that, whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too serious for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

A few minutes had elapsed when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes which she had dyed of a bright vermilion round the edges of the lids, her fair arms bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a Sybil, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impres-

sive, that my blood chilled as she approached me, not to ask but to claim my applause, demanding of me if I had ever seen any actress that could be compared with her in my own or any other country. "I was determined," "she said," to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason.

The allowances which the Spanish Theatre could afford to make to its performers were so very moderate that I should doubt if the whole year's salary of the Tiranna would have more than paid for the magnificent dress, in which she then appeared; but this and all other charges appertaining to her establishment were defrayed from the coffers of the Duke of Osuna, a grandee of the first class, and commander of the Spanish guards. This noble person found it indispensably necessary for his honour to have the finest woman in Spain upon his pension, but by no means necessary to be acquainted with her; and at the very time of which I am now speaking, Pietra Santa seriously assured me that his excellency had indeed paid large sums to her order, but had never once visited, or even seen her. He told me, at the same time, that he had lately taken upon himself to remonstrate upon this want of curiosity, and having suggested to his excellency how possible it was for him to order his equipage to the door and permit him to introduce him to this fair creature, whom he knew only by report and the bills she had drawn upon his treasurer, the Duke graciously consented to my friend's proposal, and actually set out with him for the gallant purpose of taking a cup of chocolate with his hitherto invisible mistress, who had notice given her of the intended visit. The distance from the house of the grandee to the apartment of the gipsy was not great, but the lulling motion of the state-coach and the softness of the velvet cushions had rocked his excellency into so sound a nap, that when his equipage stopped at the lady's door, there was not one of his retinue bold enough to undertake the invidious office of troubling his repose. The consequence was, that after a proper time was passed upon the halt for this brave commander to have waked, had nature so ordained it, the coach wheeled round, and his excellency, having slept away his curiosity, had not, at the time when I left Madrid, ever cast his eyes upon the person of the incomparable Tiranna. I take for granted my friend Pietra Santa drank the chocolate, and his excellency enjoyed the nap. I will only add, in confirmation of my anecdote, that the good Abbé Curtis, who had the honour of having educated this illustrious sleeper, verified the fact.

For the Port Folio.

Mr. Oldschool,

The elegant ballad, which is the subject of encomium in your 39th number, was written by an itinerant player, of the name of COLLINS, and introduced by him into a species of entertainment to which he gave the title of "Collins's Evening Brush for rubbing off the rust of Care." He sang it always in character; and though I was at that time very young, the sentiments of this song, and his manner of uttering them, made an impression upon my mind which to this day I cannot recollect without pleasure. I procured, at the time alluded to, a copy of his "Blind Belisarius," which I left on the other side the Atlantic: but the exact words are fastened upon my memory; and I herewith send you the song as it originally came from the author. You will find the variations considerable, and the beauties more numerous than in that which has appeared in the Port Folio. I had almost forgotten to mention to you that this Collins is the author of "The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess," in England a very popular ballad.

JOHN YORKSHIRE.

"*Date Obolum Belisario.*"

O Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded!
How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded!

Since the wise, great and good, of thy frowns seldom 'scape any:
Witness blind Belisarius, who begg'd for a halfpenny.
Date obolum Belisario.

He whose fame for true valour was spread far and wide, sir,
In whom none—but his country—his praise e'er denied, sir,
By his poor faithful dog was through Rome's city led, sir,
With one foot in the grave—forc'd to beg for his bread, sir.
Date obolum Belisario.

As a young Roman knight was by chance passing by, sir,
The old soldier's appearance at once caught his eye, sir;
And his purse in his helmet he dropt with a tear, sir,
Whilst the veteran's sad story attracted his ear, sir.
Date obolum Belisario.

"I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome, sir;
I have crown'd her with laurels that for ages will bloom, sir;
From her foes' harsh dominion I've raised her to power;
I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dower.
Date obolum Belisario.

"I no soldiers e'er risk'd by attacking at random,
Nor vict'ry insur'd with a *nil desperandum!*
But, whenever I fought, I made both friend and foe know
That all my design was *pro publico bono.*
Date obolum Belisario.

"I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave 'em,
Nor of Roman's free rights ever strove to bereave 'em;
Nor, to bow down their necks to my pride or my pleasure,
Have an empire dismember'd, or squander'd its treasure.
Date obolum Belisario.

"Nor yet, to enrich or ennoble myself, sir,
Have my motives been tarnish'd by base views of pelf, sir,
For such sordid designs I've so far been from carving,
Blind and old, I've no choice—but of begging or starving.
Date obolum Belisario.

"Now if hero or statesmen should hear his relation,
Whose deeds have still been for the good of the nation,
Who, though feeble and blind, should like me grope his way, sir,
The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to day, sir.
Date obolum Belisario.

"But if, wanting that light, at the close of life's spark, sir,
He at length comes to take the great "leap in the dark," sir,
He may wish, while his friends wring their hands round his bed, sir,
That, like blind Belisarius, he 'd begg'd for his bread, sir.
Date obolum Belisario.

New-York, Oct. 22, 1806.

AFFECTATION.

Of all the borrowed varieties of character, under which human weakness chooses to cloak its ignorance, an affectation of learning seems to fit it with the worst grace .And nothing offends a man of taste sooner than to hear pronunciation and delivery mangled as it is in the mouths of those people who affect the language of good breeding, without knowing what constitutes it. A man may have a tolerable idea of good language from books, but he must have a thorough acquaintance with the common talk of good company, before he can deliver himself with ease and elegance on every occasion. Affectation belongs to the pedant, the clown, and the "travell'd fool;" a civil well bred man scorns to be guilty of such vulgar meanness. An affected beauty never creates admirers; so it is with the gentleman and the scholar. Good breeding is no borrowed species of character, it is a native simplicity and elegance; the man with all his faculties at perfect command. People the most guilty of this ridiculous and vulgar error are those whose education and calling have deprived them of every fashionable benefit; those who have been ranked with servants, illiterate and clownish. They hear the language of their superiors, and attempt to imitate it: and I assure you, Mr. Editor, that I am never more completely wretched than when doomed to hear the braying of those civil jack-asses. They possess, indeed, one striking property, and that is—a facility of

coining new words and expressions, in violation of every rule of pronunciation and syntax whatever. To be long in company, with one of these curious beings, a person either ought to have no ears at all, or to possess the stoic patience of Socrates; for it requires a larger portion of good nature to bear with it, on every occasion, than what generally falls to the common lot of men. Now, as I am getting pretty well into my subject, I shall endeavour to illustrate it with a circumstance which took place a few days since.

During a ride in the stage coach, between here and the city of New-York, we had a character of this disagreeable stamp in company. Our would-be erudite, and, as it seems, "travell'd fool," was endowed with an excellent memory and loquacious tongue. He could repeat many anecdotes of *larned* men of *vast responsibility* and *authenticated eddycation*, &c. Indeed, I was some time at a loss whether to pronounce him most fool or knave. However, as I am somewhat reserved in my habits, and not seeming at all inclined to take the trouble of translating his nonsense into English, I very deliberately bent my head forward to my knee, to disengage his attention, by pretending to fall asleep. But our companion was not the less talkative; while he had any one to listen, he was determined not to be silent. We were entertained with a history of his adventures in England, Ireland, France, and Italy. He gave us very *pathetic accounts* of *furren larnin*, of geography *built on suppustitions*; told us how he got his information of the *most grandest* wonders of *nater*, &c. and related many particulars attending the *misfortunate* death of the late king of France. The simpleton continued his rant in a tone of the pertest vivacity, and was incapable of correction, either in point of fact or mode of expression. At length I whispered to my companion that it would be adviseable to heave him overboard, for murdering English, as it was clear enough that this was the language he he meant to deal in.

I am well assured that if these ignorant coxcombs could see their fault in its true colours, they would never make use of their "*high-flown*" medley which they render into complete nonsense. A man is not despised because he is illiterate. It is the corruption of his heart and prostituted abilities which make him the object of contempt. The writer of these remarks is well acquainted with a character who acts a very conspicuous figure in the literary world, and who, nevertheless, is ridiculed in almost every company for his affectation to appear more than usually well bred. The same person, too, is very apt to criticise affected airs in others, but cannot correct his own.

The reason is obvious enough. When we depart from the native simplicity of our manners, we appear ridiculous. I have seen a countryman excite the risibles of a lady by dropping a very handsome courtesy before her. In all cases borrowed airs, carriage, and modes of speech foreign to our everyday custom, are liable to be awkwardly executed whenever we attempt them. Common sense, the good sense of mankind, should be the regulator of our actions, and while we pursue its dictates, we shall beat the common track of humanity with prudence, and consummate our social career, under the auspices of well-pleased society.

ALMA MATER.

NUPTIAL.

Married, at Baltimore, on Thursday Evening, the 30th October, by the Rev. Mr. Inglis, Jonathan Meredith, jun. Esq. late of Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah Haslett, Niece of George Salmon, Esq. President of the Bank of Baltimore.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To a rare accident we are indebted for the following song, which is justly celebrated among the convivial circles of England. The second stanza exhibits a brilliant proof of the author's genius.

Captain Morris's celebrated Drinking Song, "And this I think's a reason fair to fill my glass again." Sung by Mr. Dignum, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Munden.

(Never before published.)

I've oft been ask'd by prosing souls,
And men of sober tongue,
What joys there are in draining bowls,
And tippling all night long;
But though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I drink till morn,
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,
Life's picture's mellow made;
The fading lights then brightly live,
And softly sinks the shade.
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain,
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

My muse too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;
But round the bowl he'll sip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake:
Then, if the nymphs will have their share,
Before they bless the swain;
Why that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes through,
Run every pleasure down,
'Mid each extreme of folly too,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain;
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold;
But wine awhile drives off Despair,
And bids gay Hope remain,
Why that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

I find too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care.
Or, harder still, I'm doom'd to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain;
And that I'm sure's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

Though hipp'd and vex'd at England's fate,
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd state
My sober eye surveys.
But through the bottle's dazzling glare,
The gloom is seen less plain;
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

But now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine;
This war has been as other wars,
No friend to good Port Wine:
For Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France and Spain,
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

In the following quaint stanzas, the curious reader will find sound philosophy and easy poetry.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far excels all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assign'd.
Tho' much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
I see how Plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as set aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye.
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they give, I live.
I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what care is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill,
In greatest storms I sit on shore,

And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not, where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Ne court, ne cash, I like ne coach;
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall.
This is my choice: for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

In a very well written book, the Devil upon two sticks in England, Asmodeo, the subtle Demon, whose origin we find in Le Sage, thus alludes to the murder of Charles I.

When they came to Whitehall, that superb building, says the Demon, is part of a royal palace, and remarkable for having been the Theatre of one of the most striking events of modern history. On a scaffold in the front of this building, Charles the First, an unfortunate sovereign of this country, was doomed to lose his head by the hands of a public executioner, and on the condemnation of a *self created* tribunal of his own *subjects*. It is called the Banquetting-house; and did, indeed, produce an unexpected feast to glut the *republican zealots* of the last century. I must now claim your attention, said Asmodeus, to that little man, dressed in blue, who looks up so attentively to the building, and, pulling off his hat, makes a most reverential obeisance as he passes. I presume, said Don Cleofas, he is some great admirer of architectural beauty; and it is in this manner without doubt that he manifests his veneration for a *chef d'œuvre* in his favourite science. It was impossible for you to guess, unless you were inspired, that this **silly man* is nothing more than a *zealous republican*, who offers this mark of respect to the edifice before us, whenever he passes it, because it was the *scene of a royal* execution. He is a tradesman of this city, who fancies himself a *very profound politician*. Though he would not scruple to tread on the neck of a King, he does not discover the least delicacy when an occasion offers, in *charging home on the purses of his subjects*. But this is not all. The fine equestrian statue just before us is a representation of the unhappy monarch we have already mentioned. And that is an object, interrupted Don Cleofas, which the *little republican tradesman* would, I suppose, avoid with the utmost precaution. By no means, answered the Demon; for he has more than once risqued a fractured limb from the passing carriage, in order to discharge his rheum upon the pedestal.

Whatever quarter of the globe we come to, we shall find new reasons to be satisfied with Europe. Its rivers furnish all the plenty of the African stream without its inundation; they have all the coolness of the Polar rivulet with a more constant supply. They may want the terrible magnificence of huge cataracts, or extensive lakes, but they are more navigable and more transparent; though less deep and rapid than the rivers of the torid zone, they are more manageable, and only wait the will of man to take their division. The rivers of the torrid zone, like the monarchs of the country, rule with despotic tyranny, profuse in their bounties and ungovernable in their rage. The rivers of Europe, like the kings, are the friends and not the oppressors of the people; bounded by known limits, abridged in the power of doing ill, directed by human sagacity, and only at fredom to distribute plenty and happiness.

Boileau used frequently to assert in conversation that the sorrows, complaints, miseries, joys, &c.of love would afford the best materials for comedy, for that love was a passion would reduce its votaries of both sexes to a second state of infancy. He used to repeat some lines out of plays, in which love had borne too much share; this recital

* Though the Devil is usually considered the *Father of lies*, in this instance his assertion is the very echo of truth; and the Demon with a degree of acuteness, such as might be expected from the received opinions of his genius and sagacity, declairs that a *fool* and *zealous republican* are synonymous terms.
Note by the Editor.

he rendered more ludicrous by his infantine manner of pronouncing these amorous passages.

Boileau was in company with some ladies, when the conversation turned on the conquest of *Mons*, by Lewis XIV. The poet at his departure was vehemently pressed by one of the ladies to compose two distichs on the taking of *Mons*. He complied with her request by the following verses.

Mons étoit, disoit-on, pucelle,
Q'un Roi gardoit, avec le dernier soin;
Louis le Grand en eut besoin—
Mons se rendit; vous auriez fait comme elle.

Imitated.

Mons, like a lovely favourite maid,
Safe under royal eyes protected;
Till Louis, of immortal fame,
The taking of the town projected:
And soon the citadel obey'd;
You, madam, would have done the same.

The oration, which Boileau delivered upon his being chosen into the Royal Academy at Paris, did the author no credit, and produced the following lampoon.

Boileau nous dit, dans son écrit,
Qu'il n'est pas né pour l'eloquence;
Il ne dit pas ce qu'il en pense:
Mais je pense ce qu'il en dit.

When Boileau modestly confesses
In eloquence he does not shine,
Not his own judgment he expresses,
But very fairly tells you mine.

M. Barbin, whom Boileau employed as his bookseller, one day invited the poet to his country house, of which, though the rooms were very small, Barbin was very proud. After dinner, the pompous tradesman shewed the Satirist his garden, which, in proportion, was as small as his house. Holla, cried the Bard aloud to his coachman, put to the horses—Do not be in a hurry, said the host; where are you going, my good Sir? I am going, replied Boileau, to get a little fresh air at *Paris*.

During Boileau's last sickness a person begged leave to read to him a new tragedy; the Satirist listened to the two first scenes, and then exclaimed, why do you wish to hasten my end?

Boileau one day met the servant of his friend, who had been long and frequently afflicted with the gout. On enquiring how his master was, whom he knew to be of an irritable temper, the valet replied that his master was then under a fit of his old complaint. He swears a good deal then, observed the poet. O yes, Sir, said the servant, with simplicity, it is the only comfort poor master has in his illness.

The man of great genius is the first person to discover his own faults, and the last to pardon them. Of all the criticisms, observed Boileau one day, which hurt me the most, are those which my own judgment makes on my own works.

The earth is in continual change. Its internal fires, the deviation of its rivers, and the falling of its mountains, are daily altering its surface; and Geography can scarcely recollect the lakes and the valleys that history once described.

France has been renowned for politeness before all traces of politeness as well as humanity were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked however, says Dr. Moore, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind and hurries into imprudencies and difficulties from which every submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

A SENSIBLE REASONER.

A Traveller expressed his surprise to an inhabitant of Lisbon that they should have ventured to raise their houses to such a height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

It is because it has been so lately overthrown, he replied, that we venture; for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, it is

reasonable to believe that they all will be overthrown in their turn, according to their deserts; and, of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again.

A young Oxonian (who had an insuperable aversion for opening a book because he had been obliged to read so much at school) was assured by his tutor at Oxford that our most refined pleasure and the most permanent happiness of life proceeded from our ideas; but that they were not innate.

I am sorry for it, replied the young Oxonian; for if they had we should not have been put to the trouble of reading for them.

The transmigration of souls, says the sprightly Goldsmith, is no doubt false and whimsical; but nothing can be more certain than the transmigration of bodies: the spoils of the meanest reptile may go to the formation of a prince, and, on the contrary, as the poet has it, the body of Cæsar may be employed in stopping a beer barrel.

Our progress in the knowledge of nature is slow, and it is a mortifying consideration that we are hitherto more indebted for success to chance than to industry.

Copied from a provincial print—Married, a few days ago, Mr. Simmons to a lady whose name has been *mislaid*.

A barber at Portsea has the following curious inscription over his door: —"Chins operated upon without laceration, or incision, by Simon Fraser, shaver to the *Philanthropic* society."

Taxation is confessedly one of the most difficult branches of Administration, to know the exact weight of impost that every subject will bear.—The Arabian proverb, in allusion to this, says, "it was the *Camel's hair* that broke *the Elephant's back*,"

Cooke is very indifferent about his *benefit*, as he never fails to have a bumper. He has, however, for some time past, been studying the part of Sir *Toby Belch* and the *Drunkard*.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The scholar and gentleman to whom we are indebted for letters from Italy, a country so powerful in its claims upon every liberal and inquisitive mind, is most gratefully thanked for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from his picture of Florence. This picture is not less pleasing to the public than to ourselves, and, to continue the allusion, we hope that the exhibition may not suddenly cease.

The poetry of L. is too much in the style of Crambo. He wings his flight only in the middle region. He does not fly

Mæonii carminis alite.

The politics and pursuits of Gracchus are not at all to our taste. He is engaged in the pursuit of a phantom; unhappy that wretch who courts the *drab* popularity.

Nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri quibus
Intentata nites.

H. is kindly received.

A. B. is well approved.

Q. is not destitute of ingenuity, but his Satire is too malignant and personal.

We shall advert to the hint of Scrutator.

C. shall not find us inattentive to his deserts.

He with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch his conquests over half his kind;
To him each *rival* shall submit,
Make but his *riches* equal to his wit.

The ingenious writer and sensible politician who styles himself "COLUMELLA," is very respectfully informed, that a review of his valuable pamphlet will very shortly appear in the Port Folio.

The amiable and elegant translator of the third Satire of Juvenal and the author of many other meritorious pieces of poetry will soon, we hope, have reason to acknowledge that we are not blind to his literary talents, nor deaf to the voice of friendship.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have casually met with a little volume of posthumous poems, from the pen of an extraordinary youth, by the name of Spierin. He was a native of the state of New-York. His father was professionally a clergyman, and pursued the business of instruction for many years after his arrival in this country. Soon after the birth of this, his eldest and only boy, he removed to South Carolina. He took the education of his son into his hands, and was the only instructor he ever had. The progress of George was singularly and prematurely brilliant. At the age of 7, he read Cæsar's Commentaries, and before he had attained his ninth year, he compleated the works of Horace. From his earliest infancy, he took no delight in the sports of his youthful companions, and he was often known to steal from their pastimes, to wander with a friend, and listen to the stories of the Iliad. "He possessed," says his biographer, "a dignity of demeanor, and an energy of character, which commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him." He died while in the study of the law, promising to have become one of the brighest gems in the regalia of Justice. At the early age of 16 years, and 8 months, he was committed to the tomb. He fell a victim to the ravages of the yellow fever; and was interred on Sullivan's Island, opposite the city of Charleston.

By his "Eliza's Grave," a chaste effort of taste and sensibility, the following trifle was occasioned. It is the humble offering of a younger and a ruder minstrel, to

THE TOMB OF GENIUS.

Where the chilling north wind howls,
Where the weeds so wildly wave,
Mourn'd by the weeping willow,
Wash'd by the beating billow,
Lies the youthful poet's grave.

Beneath yon little eminence,
Mark'd by the grass green turf,
The winding sheet his form encloses,
On the cold stone his head reposes,
And near him foams the troubled surf.

"Roars around its base the ocean,"
Pensive sleeps the moonbeam there,
Naïads love to wreath his urn,
Dryads thither hie to mourn,
And fairies' wild-notes melt in air!

O'er his tomb the village virgins
Love to drop the tribute tear,
Stealing from the alleys 'round,
Soft they tread the hallow'd ground,
And weave the wild-flow'r chaplet there.

By the cold earth mantled,
Peaceful sleeps he here alone,
Cold and lifeless lies his form,
Batters on his grave the storm,
Silent now his tuneful numbers,
Here the son of genius slumbers,
—Stranger! mark his burial stone!— P.

TO MY HARP.

For Sept. 4th, 1806.

One year, sweet friend, has roll'd away,
Since first in school we met;
I've tun'd thee almost ev'ry day,
Now to a dirge, and now a roundelay,
And am not weary yet.
When little joys would intervene,
The faithful night of woes,
Thy lay would hail the hour serene;
And gild it as it rose.

And then thy notes would warble glee,
But transient was the guile,
For tears were far more sweet to me
Than pleasure's wanton smile.
And when Columbia's goddess came,
And fann'd the patriot fire,
Loud notes of ardour shook thy frame,
And harsher sounds of ire.

But when I view'd the orphan boy,
The victim sad of wars,
I curs'd this fury to destroy—
This bloody-handed Mars.
And when I saw the weeping maid,
Beside the gloomy bier,
Where cold her youthful love was laid;
I gave—'twas nought—a tear.

Sometime beneath the hill alone,
While shed the dews of ev'n,
Thy chords would seize a rapturous tone,
My soul would wing to heav'n.

One year, sweet friend, has roll'd away,
A year of pensive grief,
I sigh'd and thrumm'd the plaintive lay,
And scarcely wish'd relief.

When first my fingers touch'd the strings,
Tho' natively and rude,
I warbled from a sweeter spring;
'Twas love and gratitude.
And oft did friendship lend the fire;
O Raymond, 'twas to thee,
Forever shall the theme inspire,
'Tis unison with me.

How oft, my Raymond, have we stray'd
The verdant vales among,
Or 'neath the mountain forests shade,
In happy concert sung.
Then life appear'd a varied field,
Where thornless roses grew,
And ruder blasts to Zephyrs quell'd,
In gentle measures blew.

Tho' often rugged rocks were seen,
And barrens pain'd the sight;

Yet still a path I saw between,
To lead the trav'ler right.
And on the flowery rode afar,
Rose pleasure's golden dome,
Hope guided like the polar star,
And beckon'd me to come.
My limbs were agile then and light,
I bounded like the fawn,
But ah! the flower has met its blight:
The eve has met the morn.

Now wan consumption's icy hand,
Has grasp'd the vital seat;
Adieu the joys which fancy plann'd,
When vigorous and fleet.
And must the flow'r of bright sixteen
Be cropt and rotting low?
All fall alike, the brown and green,
For God hath will'd it so.
Methinks a whispering spirit says,
(A voice we all must hear)
" Short is the remnant of thy days,
" Thy hour is drawing near.
" Groan not when life's frail thread shall serve,
" Nor loathe the house of clay;
" *The prophets, do they live for ever?*
" *Our fathers, where are they?*

A little while I'll tune thy strings,
My parting hymn below,
Then bid adieu to earthly things,
To wretchedness and wo.
Then shall this vital spark of fire,
Wing to a bright abode,
And thou shalt rise a sweeter lyre,
To glorify my God.
One year, sweet friend, has journey'd by,
And left us still below:
But the next autumn's sober eye
May wander o'er the green mound where we lie,
The resting place of wo.

CARLOS.

TO THE EOLIAN HARP.

Plaintive trembler, wild and airy,
What sweet minstrel of the sky,
What light sylph, or wandering fairy,
Sweeps the notes of melody.

O'er his downy pinions riding,
Zephyrus wantons, deftly round;
O'er thy chords, enraptured gilding,
Breathes the pensive soothing sound.
Now he thrills a sweet revival,
Sighing wild Eolian lay:
Now in notes no hand can rival,
Sinking, falling, dies away.

Flowing in harmonious measure,
Melody like them to hear;
Orpheus' self might smile in pleasure,
E'er Minerva lend an ear.

Whirling, howling, rude and shivering,
Boreas raging loud and bold,
Sweeps thy strings all wild and quivering,
With his icy fingers cold.

Now, again, relenting, dying,
Low the mellow breathings roll;
Sounds, to soothe the mourners sighing,
Calm the tempests of the soul.

Hidden hand, which flies so wildly
O'er their simple chords divine,
Bend my harp with fingers mildly,
Teach my hand to equal thine.

CARLOS.

THE BIRTH OF A SIGH.

Pity, once, with tear-bright eyes,
Sought a bower's fragrant shade,
And all the beauty of the* skies
Adorn'd the meek and pensive maid;

When lo, a rosy cloud appears,
Such as decks the orient day,
And Cupid, God of tender cares,
Swiftly wings his purple way.

Not as wonted, smiling sweet,
His brow declared some latent grief,
When thus a suppliant at her feet,
He humbly spake, and begg'd relief:

"O nymph," propitious to my prayer incline;
A portion of thy power impart,
That hence the welcome task be mine,
" To soften not to wound the heart."

The goddess heard, and straight replied,
While beam'd compliance in her eye,
Thy power be hence with mine allied,
The pledge I grant shall be *a sigh.*

C. F.

EPIGRAMS.

Proof positive.

" My Celia's *willing* chains I wear,"
Sigh'd love-sick—" true," answer'd John,
" *Willing* they must be, for I swear,
" Her charms could never *force* them on."

Comfort.

If that poets succeed best in fiction, is sooth,
Despair not, Dick Dogg'rel—you ne'er told *a truth.*

* Long, Pity, let the nations view,
Thy sky-worn robes *of tenderest blue,*
Collins's ode to pity.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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